



St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, Nov. 24, 1854.

## GOOD MORNING!

The *Caledonian* greets its many readers and friends to-day in an energetic dress-new type. We do not intend to lay it up by us, but we must be pardoned for expressing a degree of satisfaction at the becoming manner in which our child puts on its new fall and winter clothes, and its improved appearance due to the following dispatch:

"We will remember him. We will remember him. We will remember him."

The dress is from the old-established house of Mrs. Brown's Son & Co., of New York; and the elegant and perfect finish of every letter and point gives the best testimonies to the excellent manner in which the type founders have done their work.

The type is a size smaller than that hitherto used on the *Caledonian*, thus giving considerably more reading in the same space. In a single number of the paper, not less than three columns, or more than two columns in each year. Notwithstanding this, the face of the type is as large and can be more easily read than that heretofore used. In fact we call this print pretty good for old or weak eyes; don't you?

Our advertisers cannot but be pleased, as we think, with the plain, bold type which greets the eyes of all beholders. We intend to make all the advertisements in the *Caledonian* interesting to the general reader: first, by excluding those of an immoral and vicious tendency; and second, by displaying the legitimate business advertising of this place and country in so attractive a style as to catch the attention of the most unscrupulous.

And now, friends, one and all, if on the whole you like the *Caledonian*, give us your support, and aid us by a good word among your neighbors. We do not claim perfection; we cannot give as much reading matter as a Webster's dictionary or the *London Times*. But we endeavor to make a good local news paper, with the affairs of the busy world so classified and condensed that the reader can get at the meat of without getting a stomach-full of bones.

And finally, thoroughly identified with the interests of this part of Vermont, the *Caledonian* asks the support of all those who think that such a paper is worth sustaining.

## A ROLL CALL.

Second Duke Alexis, son of the Emperor of Russia, arrived in New York on Sunday last. The steamer in which he came encountered heavy gales and was considerably swayed, which caused a good deal of anxiety in both countries. The fact that a live Russian Prince, who may some day be the emperor of that great nation, is in this country, creates a good deal of feeling and mirth. And what, therefore, can be gained by a taunting and trifling allusion to the contrary, is something that the Republican masses of the Union do not understand, and the sooner they are enlightened the better. While it is impossible, however, to answer charges that are studiously kept back, it is very significant that nothing has yet transpired to call in question President Grant's devotion to Republican principles. We used to hear it said, now and then, before his election: "Oh, General Grant is an old Democrat; his army training has been wholly conservative, and before three years' service will find him back in the ranks." It is from this being true, the last thing likely to be said against him is that he is in the field inclined to propitiate Democratic favor. The Democrat is a party evidently unlike him worse and worse; and, what is very curious, when a Republican begins to manifest any willingness to affiliate with the Democrats, you are pretty sure to find that he has doubt about the purity of rechristening them.

The Duke is represented as uniformly built, and has the air of a gentleman. He has a clear complexion, light hair and whiskers, blue eyes, speaks the English language well, but prefers the French.

The reception was to have been held in New York on Monday, but was postponed on account of a hard rain, until Tuesday, when there was a fine ovation and imposing military display. He was received in an address of welcome by Gen. Dix, to which the Duke replied. On Wednesday he went on to Washington to pay his respects to President Grant.

## OUR BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

We endeavored this week to present to the readers of the *Caledonian* a complete directory, giving the name, business and location of the principal business houses in St. Johnsbury. Although the list is not yet complete, we are gratified that it is so full. On the first column of the first page will be found a list of more than forty of the business and professional men of this village. The column is worthy of notice and preservation for reference, especially by those out of town who frequently come to this place to do business.

The value to the business of our town of having a complete directory brought before the eyes of so many each week, we believe, to be much greater than its cost. With the running of daily trains from Hardwick and Concord into this place, the number of people who will make this the centre of business and trade will be much larger than it now is. A stranger may blunder into one place of business even if one does not advertise; but if one persists in inviting him through the columns of his local newspaper, he is sure to come sooner or later.

EXTENDING ITS POWER. The Vermont Central railroad has just completed negotiations for the lease of the New London Northern railroad. The lease to run ten years at an annual rental of \$240,000. This includes the three steam-boats owned by the New London road, and which were between that city and New York. This not gives the Central control of a continuous line of railroad from Vergennes, on the St. Lawrence, to Long Island Sound, it having previously leased all the railroads on the line as far south as Brattleboro.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, author of the hymns, "Just as I Am," "My God, my Father, while I stray," has just died in London.

FRENCH INGENUITY. During the late war between France and Prussia, and more particularly after the siege of Paris, was commenced, the French adopted various methods of inciting their people to resist to the death. This "fixing" of the French heart to borrow an expression from our late unpleasantness with the South, was sometimes very revengeful, and often quite funny. King William had proved him self a mighty warrior and general, and nothing could be said against his bravery or patriotism. But he was very religious, virtuous, and his disputes with his wife Augusta, were frequently in the most pious strain; all who read them will remember. Here was an opportunity for French ridicule, and they improved it by getting out a picture, which has got access into this country, representing King William upon his bier in a praying attitude, just after a great battle, with the dead and dying all around him, and giving utterance to the following exhortation:

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THE NEW LINE FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST TO THE OHIO VALLEY.

A BOY'S ADVICE TO OLD MEN. Tom

which is becoming such a nuisance. As fast as it becomes defined or manifested it should be forwarded for redemption. Traders should not give out the dirty stuff that they are obliged to take, but should exchange it for new currency, which they will find more advantageous to their trade, for customers are repelled from purchasing where they receive

unusual phenomena, differing only in intensity, were also exhibited at all these points. Yours,

H. T. Parker.

A Victim of Temptation.

The following narrative of the experiences of a man who became the victim of the extortions practiced by officers of law (5) in New York, is couched for the *Tragedy*. It would seem to show that there are other departments of the New York ring which should be overthrown:

The Massachusetts doctors are getting laughed at pretty generally because of the action of their state medical society, which summoned several prominent physicians of the state, who had become homeopaths since they joined the society, before a board of trial for "conduct unworthy and unbecoming an honorable physician," i.e., practicing homeopathy. A contemporary suggests that this is not going far enough; that the society should summon to trial the patients who have been cured by homeopathy for getting well on illegitimate pain. A few were cool and thoughtful, but most lost all presence of mind, and rushed hither and thither, or sank down on the ground in utter despair and desolation. Mr. S. B. Nelson, some of whose friends reside in this vicinity, and who at that time had charge of a mammoth oil-and-paint factory belonging to the Peabody Company, with some others, exhibited remarkable intrepidity and self-possession. Mr. N., with his two daughters, remained at his own house till all hope of saving it vanished, and till all the neighboring dwellings were burning. Only a single avenue of escape to the river was left. This was in a rear of a line of houses already on fire in front. With a pail of water in one hand, and with the other assisting his daughter, he began to run the gauntlet of fire. The houses protected them greatly from the driving flames, but the smoke was so suffocating that only for a minute at a time could they walk or stand. Then falling on their faces, into which they either dashed a handful of water or else threw it on the ground under their feet, they drew two or three long free breaths. This invigorated them for a few cold moments of running, when the same means of restoration was employed, and so they made their way to safety. The pail of water saved their lives. Afterwards Mr. Nelson assisted and saved others who were near the river, yet would never have reached it but for this relief.

THE WISCONSIN FIRES.

Letter from Rev. H. L. Miller.

EDGTON CALEDONIAN: Of some incidents of the recent fires in the West, I have been asked to make further mention in your columns. There are many things of which I could write, and which could more appropriately have been related at an earlier date since my return, but the exceeding fatigue of that trip and the duties that accumulated during my absence, must be my apology for not giving to your readers so many of whom contributed to the relief. I have, however, given a brief account of the results of my observations.

On Thursday, Nov. 5, in company

with one or two acquaintances who had undergone and survived the baptism of fire, I went over a considerable portion of the track of the most remarkable conflagration in our western history.

At the head of the train, the

smoke was so dense that the

sun could not be seen.

As the smoke cleared away, the

whole scene was

one of desolation.

On Saturday morning, the

smoke was still dense, but

the sun was visible.

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